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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1906.

School Expenditures.

The school board is acting wisely in giving close scrutiny to the expenditures. It is true that the law gives to the District Commissioners the direction and control of these expenditures, but none the less should the board pursue the policy upon which it has entered.

It transpired during a recent session of the board that its members had no knowledge of the manner in which the appropriations were expended, nor of the character or extent of the purchases of books, supplies, etc. With commendable curiosity the board began to ask questions, the result being that an immediate effort was made to substitute information for ignorance. The trouble in the past has been that the numerous requisitions have been approved in a more or less perfunctory manner without the knowledge of the board. There has not been, to speak plainly, a proper amount of supervision. Some examination and criticism in the future will be thoroughly wholesome.

The Washington schools, and especially the manual training and high schools, are expensive institutions. No one, of course, begrudges any money for public education, provided that the expenditure is reasonable and necessary. If, however, there is extravagance, or if the ideas of theoretical specialists have led to the purchase of material which has no practical value, the pruning knife should be promptly and vigorously applied.

We look for some practical and economical results from the inquiry which the school board has undertaken.

Proposed Divorce Legislation.

There will be presented to the Divorce Congress, when it meets in Philadelphia next month, the draft of a proposed uniform divorce law intended to be laid before the State legislatures for enactment. The new law is drafted along conservative lines, avoiding both the extreme of allowing too great freedom in the severance of the marital tie and the opposite extreme of forbidding divorce save for a single cause. The allowable grounds for divorce are practically the same as those provided for in the best existing State legislation, but there are some additional features of interest.

One provision that will attract attention is aimed to prevent the solicitation of divorce cases by lawyers or their agents, either by advertisement or otherwise. This is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. The provision strikes at what is regarded as an abuse of the prerogatives of the legal profession, and would doubtless tend to reduce the volume of divorce litigation. Another provision which would lessen the number of divorce cases is that for public hearings and trials, thus doing away with secret proceedings before masters in chancery. Remarriage of divorced persons is prohibited within a specified time, and decrees of absolute divorce are not to become operative until a reasonable time after the trial. Valid ground for divorce must be established by affirmative proof, and a decree cannot be granted if it be shown that the suit has been brought by fraud.

These provisions should commend themselves to legislators, and their enactment would go far to curb the present laxity of the divorce courts, as well as to reduce the number of divorces sought and granted on frivolous grounds. Divorce legislation, to be acceptable to the whole country, must allow the severance of the marriage bond for just and proper reasons, while it operates to prevent the desecration of marriage by hasty, ill-considered, and unnecessary legal separations. The proposed uniform statute may well be taken as a model by all our State legislatures.

An Experiment Worth Trying.

If Congress will consent to it, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, affectionately called "Boss" Wiley, by his fellow scientists, will inaugurate next year a series of experiments to examine the effect of food on the human stomach. Of course nearly everybody has an idea that excessive use of liquor has a deleterious effect on the system in general and the stomach in particular; that an immoderate use of strong drink is followed by what is technically known as the "big bite" while continued use of it produces what is known as "snakes." But Dr. Wiley wants facts—hard, scientific facts—and to his mind nothing brings out scientific facts as well as scientific experimentation. Current News Item.

It is to be hoped that Congress will

consent. The experiment is well worth while, and will serve to carry still further forward the good work which has already been inaugurated so splendidly under the operation of the pure-food law.

Of course, it is going to be very reassuring to be able to tell from the label just what is in the can. If a bottle of alleged raspberry marmalade is, in reality, nothing but a mixture of pumpkin, green peas, and apple dye, it will be fine to note it so stated on the label. If Dr. Wiley has been able to bring about a condition whereby we may nose out all the adulterants in canned and bottled foods, why not permit him to go forward and compel the alcohol dispensers to label their wares also?

It must be admitted that it would be a great thing for a man who had determined to imbibe alcoholic spirits not wisely, but too well, to be able to specify just what kind of a beverage he contemplated, and then receive a brand labeled to truly produce no other kind. A man spoiling for a fight would only have to pick out the proper label, and the light would be forthcoming. The man bent on a good time only would choose a specimen concocted and labeled for such specific purposes. The fighting one could be immediately put under police notice, while the would-be merry one might

safely be allowed to go on his way rejoicing. There, there is the man who intends to take "just one and go home."

It ought to be possible to satisfy him and still keep within the label limits. Under all the circumstances, it seems that Dr. Wiley ought to be allowed to proceed. The experiment is full of promise, and may bring forth much-to-be-desired results.

Bryan, the Safe and Sane, in 1908.

The climax of radicalism in the Democratic party was reached in the nomination of William Randolph Hearst for governor of New York. If the people elect him, what then? If defeated, how about the party's future? Men of both parties are asking these questions. Many Democrats hold that the road to the White House leads by way of Albany, and that if Mr. Hearst be chosen governor he will, in two years, be nominated and, possibly, elected President. Whether liking or disliking the outlook, they see in this the logical outcome. If defeated, those Democrats who would forecast the future, believe that the party will forthwith turn to conservatism and nominate an old-line Democrat, perhaps a Southern man, for the Presidency.

The Herald ventures to predict that these forecasts and conclusions will prove erroneous. In its opinion, the nomination of William Jennings Bryan is well nigh a certainty now, and will be made all the more certain by the New York election, however it goes. Mr. Hearst's success would assuredly increase Mr. Bryan's following from the ranks of those who seek to stem the tide of radicalism. Nobody can doubt that Mr. Hearst's defeat, with the ensuing shift toward conservatism, would just as surely enhance Mr. Bryan's political importance, not because he is a conservative, but because, strange as it may seem, he is the safest and sanest available Democrat—mind the use of the word "available"—in the country to-day.

No gift of prophecy is required to read the political future to this extent. It is a fine sentiment that prompts the suggestion of a Southern Democrat for leadership in 1908. The South could easily furnish a man to whom the Democratic masses would give their confidence and their support. But radicalism has not exhausted itself, and the time is not yet. There are issues to be thrashed out before an era of political tranquillity will again set in; before the ship of either party can get back to the moorings that existed prior to 1896. Sober-minded Democrats and Republicans alike are appreciating that fact.

Bryan is the Roosevelt of the Democratic party; Hearst the La Follette. The Republicans are as likely to rally around La Follette in 1908 as the Democrats are to take up Hearst. Neither will carry the standard of his party.

Half the reforms that Roosevelt stands for the subordinate Republican leaders, at heart, oppose; but they follow him just the same. Democrats are at odds with Bryan—at odds with him on many things, notably government ownership—but they will be behind him two years hence, and, as it now seems, in more compact, robust form than at any time since he came upon the public stage. The party cannot help itself. If Roosevelt and Bryan lead the contending forces—a not improbable alignment—there will be a battle royal such as the present generation has never seen; if it be Bryan against any other Republican, the opposition party, now so disorganized and impotent, may be expected to develop a strength that the most optimistic Democrat does not at this moment dream of.

Conditions will not be altered by the coming elections. New York will fall to set the pace for the Democrats of the country, whether it elects or rejects William Randolph Hearst.

Tennessee as a Trust Buster.

The State of Tennessee has reached out after the Standard Oil Company in a particularly strenuous manner. If the indictments, only 1,524 in number, recently found against the company by a grand jury of that State are all sustained, and the company found guilty on all of them, the maximum penalty, which Tennessee will probably inflict, will amount to just \$30,000,000.

There are forty-five States in the Union, and if each should follow Tennessee's example, the maximum cost to the Standard Oil Company would be something in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000,000. Such staggering figures would surely make the Standard Oil sit up and take notice, and put a dent in the company's strong box. Possibly the price of oil and kindred products might go up a few cents, but the moral victory would be so overwhelming that the Standard Oil consumer would doubtless be willing to stand the punishment.

It seems that the maximum penalty under the Ohio conviction is about \$15,000. That scarcely looks like 20 cents beside the possibilities suggested through the Tennessee plan. If grand juries throughout the land will fall in behind the Tennessee lead, and juries behind the Ohio idea, there will probably be something of great interest doing in Standard Oil circles. A billion and a half is a pretty fair stake to fight for, and it is of a different caliber to worry about a dividend and combines besides the Standard Oil Company.

Tennessee modestly admits that there is many a slip twixt a grand jury indictment and a verdict of guilty, but the State shows a hearty willingness to wade in up to its neck, and the careless, cheerful way in which its grand juries return indictments by the peck is interesting, as well as awe-inspiring.

Tennessee is either in earnest or making a bluff that looks mighty formidable, and will await with impatience the return of the Hon. John Wesley Gaines to tell us all about it.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

A strange thing is human nature, its ways are past finding out.

A man in Brooklyn made a large sum, more than hundred thousand dollars or so, by swindling others. He advertised a get-rich-quick scheme, and the people swallowed the bait, hook, and sinker. Eventually, however, he overdid his good thing and went to prison. Emerging therefrom, he opened an eating saloon and endeavored, for probably the first time in his life, to earn an honest penny. The result has been disastrous. As soon as it was discovered that he had been in prison, no one would patronize his place. To quote the picturesque but tragic story, the man who had literally wallowed in greenbacks was confronted daily by an empty till. The natural consequence is that the restaurant is closed and its proprietor is out in the cold, cold world.

What is he to do? What would you do, esteemed reader of The Herald, under the same circumstances? The proper thing is, of course, obvious. A man who has strayed from the path of rectitude and virtue ought, when he returns to its straight and narrow confines, to persevere therein. This being true, why is it not equally the plain duty of humanity to help the fellow-man who is thus endeavoring to lead a proper life? As a matter of fact, the temptation to such men as this ex-swindler is to abandon

all effort to be good. He has eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge and knows which is sweet and which is bitter. His dishonesty provided him with luxury, his honesty has reduced him to dire straits. In this episode is involved the old, old problem: Does it pay to be good? The question has been asked a thousand times, and occasionally, as in the case of this Brooklyn man, the cynic finds excuse to answer with a scornful negative. Let us hope, however, that those exceptions only prove that, upon the whole, honesty is the best policy. The experience of the world is certainly with the affirmative proposition; and whether or not we believe in the intangible thing called conscience, we must admit that the self-respect which attaches to decent living is a pleasurable sensation which money cannot buy.

At the same time, how much better it would be if there was only a little more of the milk of human kindness in the world? Then the man who is trying to straighten out his crooked life would be encouraged and not abused. He would be helped onward, not trampled under foot. And in the doing of these kindly deeds, the sympathetic heart would rejoice in a blessing doubly bestowed.

Silviera now says that he only went to Venezuela for his health. It appears, too, that a country that has no extradition treaty with Uncle Sam is about the healthiest place he could have sought.

The buckwheat crop will be very large this year, but the pure food law seems likely to seriously impair the maple sirup output.

William Jennings Bryan has aroused a storm of protest in Austria by some of his press articles. However, as Austria has no electoral vote, Mr. Bryan isn't worrying.

A Pennsylvania man has been arrested for calling a political opponent a "thief." Now, if Mr. Croker insists upon coming back to America, there is a field for him after his own heart.

That Indiana hackman who charged Mr. Bryan \$3 for a 25-cent haul possibly wanted to express to Mr. Bryan his idea of what constitutes real greatness.

Grave doubts are entertained about the truthfulness of the story telling how a New York messenger boy "ran away with \$75." Who ever saw a messenger boy run?

A Creek Indian has been made president of a railroad, but this need not necessarily be taken as an encouraging sign by the ticket scalpers.

"Root up the Hearst tree," says a Brooklyn headline. Perhaps that's what took Secretary Cortelyou to New York in such a hurry.

With so many others receiving honorable mention, what's the glory in winning that New York Annapolis cup, anyhow?

If the juries of the country should happen to take up the Ohio idea as a good thing, wouldn't it be a wise move upon the part of Mr. Rockefeller to endow a few jails?

Because Mr. Clemenceau has been made premier of France, the German papers think the peace of Europe is menaced. Cheer up! These French duellists are not nearly so fierce as they seem.

The czar of Russia has determined to put a lot of spellbinders in jail. A czar would occasionally come in right handy in this land of the brave and home of the free.

Down in Mexico they have a pleasant way of taking revolutionists to some secluded spot, shooting them full of holes, and then having the press announce their mysterious disappearance. Revolutionists do not seem to thrive in Mexico.

London theaters are going to install telephones in the boxes. It does seem a shame to encourage any more talking in that locality than the balance of the house already has to stand for.

Every one of those Carnegie medals has Uncle Andy's picture on it. What more could a hero want?

Alfred Austin says that poetry is deteriorating, but it is really hard to see how Alfred's can.

Mr. Hearst states that he is "simply appealing to reason." Simplicity in this case seems to be tom-toms, brass bands, firecrackers, and steam callioles.

Three masked men broke into a Minnesota bank the other night and robbed it \$4,000. These old-fashioned bank robbers are nearly always willing to leave something for the depositors.

If you cannot think of the name of that interesting gentleman in New York City, Krupp, just refer to him as the man behind the gun, and let it go at that.

The anti-Hughes crowd must be getting desperate over in New York. They now accuse him of playing on the piano.

A man has been sent to the penitentiary for financing a Venezuelan revolution with counterfeit coin. There is nearly always something queer about those South American revolutions.

The Standard Oil is to be congratulated upon its determination to carry up to the law, instead of passing it up, as usual.

The Salt Lake Tribune asks: "But do not the Salt Lake Democrats who decline a nomination game more distinction than those who accept?" Possibly more distinction, but hardly more extinction.

England is so pleased to have found a type of battle ship that can fire a broadside without committing suicide that she has determined to build a lot more of them.

The Cincinnati Times-Star says that New York is "watching with interest the progress of the feud between William Randolph Hearst and William Gordon Bennett." At least, this will serve as an introduction of "Mr. William Gordon Bennett."

The Houston Post states that Texas has fallen over skating. A sort of fall fever, we presume.

The nineteen-year-old boy who succeeded in mastering fourteen times in New York not only gives excellent promise of becoming a great Tammany chieftain, but would be perfectly at home in Philadelphia.

Former Senator Burton has thrown out an ugly hint of revenge. He intimates that he may carry his case to the magazines after he gets out.

About a year ago Tom Watson expressed great surprise that William J. Bryan could make money "on a bum paper like The Commoner." William J. could be a whole bureau of information to Thomas E., if the latter could only be made to understand it.

Clean, Honest, and Independent.

From the San Antonio Express.

Washington City has a new morning daily which promises a clean, honest, and independent policy, and in view of the fact that the publisher is Scott C. Bone, that is the sort of newspaper it may be expected to prove. The press generally will wish success to the new journalistic venture at the National Capital.

A LITTLE NONSENSE

SAD BUT TRUE.

In early life you knew the term; no doubt you've heard it since. You must have heard the boys affirm that Sander's is a price.

So do not ask me what it means. You know as well as I, that it indicates he'll drag his jaws when anyone is dry.

But still, I take no man to task. It's none of my affair. If he goes to drink mad and play the millionaire, I'm simply here this thought to give in calm, unbiased tones:

"Always hope for the best, my son."

"All right, dad."

"And expect the worst."

Good for Something.

"I don't see no cause for all this howl against United States Senators," declared the warden.

"No."

"No, I don't. They make model prisoners."

Wouldn't Say Pant.

"What," asked he.

"All your dog, Towser?"

"Oh," said she.

"He's stopped to trouser."

A Parisian Joke.

"My son, the gendarme, poor fellow, has fits."

"Is he then of the weak mind, my friend?"

"On the contrary, he is quite shrewd."

"He always has been in government time."

Insuendo.

"Were you at the musicale last evening?"

"Yes; and Miss Kreetch didn't sing."

"By request?"

Not Both.

"Paw-uh?"

"Well, Johnny?"

"What's the difference between a straw vote and an actual vote?"

"The actual vote only elects one candidate; my beamish boy."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

A KNOCKOUT FOR NATURE.

We were seated in the Pullman, were the actor man and I.

I asked him if he noticed all the glories of the day.

For the sun was sinking slowly in the vast eternal deeps.

Tinged with gold and bathed with crimson were the clouds, in outlying hues.

And he said: "A fairish sunset, but you should have seen the one I dauber painted for the first act of my play, 'The Guilty Son.'"

In the morning on the mountains there were views to grip the heart;

Gulches, chasms, peaks and valleys, molded with a mighty art.

And I whispered to the actor, for my soul was full of awe:

"Isn't this the grandest vision that a mortal ever saw?"

"Very pretty," said the actor, "but you should have seen the one I dauber painted for the first act of my play 'The Guilty Son.'"

Soon a wreath of cloud rolled over from the hidden Western slope,

And its misty fingers wandered here and there, and soon to gold

For a clutch upon the mountains, and the thunder rolled and pealed,

And I murmured to the actor: "Here is nature's masterpiece revealed."

"Not so bad," he answered kindly, "but, to say a word in plain English,

You should drop in on the last act of my play 'The Guilty Son.'"

Then there came a fearsome crawling, and the cars swirled from the rails,

And every side about us rose wild shriekings, groans and wails.

For the train had been demolished in a landslide from the crest—

And the actor said, while lying in a heap across my chest:

"Say, old man, this is a daisy—but it doesn't touch the scene of the wrecking of the mail train in 'Old Noddy Seven.'"

Then we dug him out and took him to a rude but sheltered spot.

Where we laid him, slowly, gently, on a miner's work-out cot.

And we knew that he was dying, from his hoarse and broken words.

And we bowed our heads in silence, "neath the rustling wings of death."

But he gasped: "I say, old fellow, in my play 'A Woman's Will,'

Was a despatch some word saying that was when I died in style!"

A STREET SCENE.

In the distance we hear the puffing of a train.

The lady four blocks away hears it also.

We can see her start with surprise, for she was sure she had plenty of time to catch the train when she left home.

Now anxiously, she quickens her pace, and at the same time we hear the engine quicken its puff.

The lady steps more rapidly, breaking into the mixture of pacing and trotting that is called "hurrying" by the gentler sex.

The train draws nearer. In fancy we can hear the woman say "Goodness!" as she clutches at her hat and tries to strike a better stride.

Little children step out of her way and yell derisively at her, but she does not even notice whose children they are so that she may talk about the sort of rails they are receiving.

She runs! Oh, she runs! When a woman runs—a woman in a tailored gown and a picture hat, with her hands full of bundles she is going to exchange—the time that strong men turn their heads and skirt is twice as long as ordinary.

She passes us, scattering hairpins, tape, side combs, buttons, and small change. Her hat is on one ear, her jacket is hitching up between her shoulders, and her skirt is twisted halfway around her. Then the train leaves on across the street. It is a freight train.

The woman stops suddenly.

And yet the magazines print articles asking gravely, "Is it wrong for a woman to swear?"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

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All He Did.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Towne—I understand he's the author of several successful novels.

Browne—No, he's the successful author of several novels.

Towne—Well, what's the difference?

Browne—He simply succeeded in writing the novels, that's all.

OVER THE PHONE.

You may sit by the side of your promised bride,

When there's no one near you to hear or see;

For you may talk to the law she's whispering of,

And still be calm—just take it from me.

But the stolen grip of a finger tip,

When people are by, is a greater bliss—

And it brings more thrill than endless will,

When no one's near to forbid a kiss.

And more than the speech, when each to each

Pours out the tale of a heart's desire,

Is the unspoken word, that, if overheard,

Leaves a man's name pride on the telephone wire;

For someone is near and someone might hear;

And it's less in the words than in the intimate tone.

But there's nothing on earth has half the worth

Of that low "Hello, dear!" over the phone.

There will come a day when we may say

Wherever we wish to, and none may blame;

For if God is good, He has understood

Just what we mean, and our innocent shame;

And when we're apart, and our heart's heart,

Or whisper a heaven for us to share,

May I feel that the thrill of you is good

As that low "Good bye, dear!" over the phone.

—Cleveland Leader.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

An Octogenarian Attorney.

At the age of eighty years